more reasons to book your next stay

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more reasons to book your next stay

by whiskeydoll

Summary

None of you were worthy.
A thoroughbred is hard to come by. All I'd have to do is bat my pretty blue eyes and he'd come wagging his tail. They all do. Gun's in the car, no rope. Phone cord could work.

Will empathizes a little too closely with a killer and Hannibal takes advantage.

Notes

Not beta-read.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The hotel lobby was dead, aside from their odd group of FBI specialists.

According to the hotel manager, it'd been booked full until the end of the week. Will called bullshit, there were hardly any cars parked outside, it was simply a matter of lazy housekeeping. Will pressed his lips together tightly and tried to let it go; cast aside his anger and let it float and bob down the stream. Today had already been a shitty day, no need to make it worse by escalating the situation. He'd spent two hours in the backseat of their Hyundai rental stuck between Dr. Lecter and Zeller. The car model itself soured his mood, thinking about the cheap build of its motor, which then lead to thoughts of how much he missed his dogs (reminding him he'd have to check in with Alana). It was during these thoughts, that Dr. Lecter's hand got wedged beneath his ass when he went to hook up his seatbelt during a rather unfortunately timed bump in the road. Lecter took the next minute apologizing to him while Zeller and Price had a fucking laugh. Will went red as a tomato, saw himself in the rear-view mirror when Jack adjusted it to get a better look at the racket. It was like kids on holiday with their father, if holidays were synonymous to morgue visits and crime scenes.

Will was the only omega, sandwiched between two alphas in a moving death trap while trying to will away the confused drops of slick in his underwear and praying to every higher power that his beta cologne was enough to mask the scent. It was the worst two hours of his life. His mind kept drifting to inappropriate daydreams of Dr. Lecter doing more than just accidentally getting a handful of his ass. Will blamed it on the lack of sleep, rampant pheromones, and his nonexistent sex life, especially when he woke up to the sound of a car door slamming and his head resting on his therapist's shoulder.

His nose felt raw and itchy, a slight allergic reaction from taking on all the different pheromones in such a confined space.

He just wanted to fucking get some sleep. Proper head-to-pillow sleep. Not head-to-therapist's-shoulder sleep while Zeller and Price made kissy faces at them like goddamn kindergartners. Never mind how good it felt pressed up against Dr. Lecter's warm body, nestled so close to his scent gland that he could taste his bourbon and pine scent on his tongue, bitter and earthy. Safe. The combination was like a sinful massage to his battered olfactory senses, intoxicating— no Alpha should smell that fucking good.

Really, what Will wanted to do was build a nest, jerk off in it (maybe while thinking of Alana's perfect breasts, or Dr. Lecter pushing him over his desk— *what the fuck, Graham?*), and relieve some day's stress, but that wasn't happening. Will ran a hand through his unkempt hair and adjusted the large box of files in his arms. His arms were sore, his body ached, his mood was on the opposite end of the spectrum, dangerously hovering the line between unstable and possible psychotic episode at the next minor inconvenience, and he was so sleep deprived he was certain he'd glimpsed Garret Jacob Hobb's ghost in the corner of his eye.

Great.

The manager dismissed himself, rushing to the back of the room to take an “important call”. Again, Will called bullshit, and his capacity for it was quickly dwindling. Replacing him, was a blonde with perfect hair and a face full of makeup (how did she even find the time at seven in the morning— no, you know what, that’s damned impressive) who looked like she was barely out of high school. She was a beta and reeked of synthetic omega perfume. “So, will you be rooming with your alpha? I’ll need to add your name onto the guest list as a safety precaution. The hotel has a strict rut and heat policy, you know.”

“My— what?” Will blinked, darted his eyes from the artificial bird of paradise plants that screamed “Welcome to Florida” but hadn’t been dusted in at least half a year, and toward the receptionist. “Excuse me?”

The receptionist looked at him like he was dumb and chewed her gum loudly. Will wanted to tell her to stop, it was aggravating. So was her perfume. He bit his tongue and pushed up his glasses. “No. I think you’re mistaken. I don’t have an alpha—” Dr. Lecter’s room and name appeared on the computer monitor, Will saw it reflected from the decorative glass panels behind the desk. He felt his face heat up. How did she jump to that conclusion? “Yes, fine. Sure. Will Graham.”

Zeller and Price always shared a room. Between sharing a room with Jack and Dr. Lecter, who’d both nabbed Queen bed suites, it was a no brainer. Jack snored, Will’s heard him from outside the hallway when they stayed at the Holiday Inn two months back. It hadn’t sounded healthy. Will’s been meaning to tell him to get tested for sleep apnea. If he had to listen to that grating in his ear all goddamn night, he’d honest-to-god commit murder. Plus, it would only be for two nights— Will couldn’t imagine that Dr. Lecter snored, he was far too *refined* — and then they’d forget about the whole damn thing, no matter how many doctor-patient relationship boundaries it sailed right over.

Lecter would be fine with it.

“Nesting blankets are in the closet, extra will come at a charge. Same goes for the suppressants. You can find those in the bathroom near the soap.”

The beta, her name tag read Melody, typed his name into the empty line beneath Lecter’s and handed him a complimentary heat suppressant in liquid form. They came in small bottles, easily mistaken for 24-hour energy drinks. They worked the same, essentially: 24-hours of protection. Weren’t as damaging as taking it in pill form and wore off a lot sooner. Will looked at the bottle as if she were offering him poison and reluctantly reached out to take it. He didn’t want to waste energy explaining to her he’d already brought his own pills, so he slipped it in his jacket pocket before anyone could notice.

“You’re all set.” The blonde continued to chew her gum, and pulled out her phone, signaling for Will to fuck off. Dr. Lecter, his “alpha”, already had the keys. *Seriously.* How the hell did anyone get that impression?

Will muttered a short “thank you” under his breath and made his way over to the elevators where Jack and Lecter had gone off to wait for him. The two of them were in the middle of a

conversation. It appeared hostile, but put three alphas in a car with an unmated omega, who may or may not stink of fear and slick— god, he hoped not— for a day and there's bound to be some unresolved tension among them.

Will cleared his throat.

They both turned to him, grim expressions on their faces. Will shifted a little on his feet, he'd bet his whole years paycheck he was the subject of their disagreement. Why couldn't they discuss normal things? The weather, a new shot at a recipe from some stuffy cookbook written in French, how ten Alphas (the estimated number, not the final body count— not by a longshot) all from different backgrounds and states were found buried in holes, bullet wounds in their heads, and ligature marks looped around their necks.

None of you were worthy.

A thoroughbred is hard to come by. All I'd have to do is bat my pretty blue eyes and he'd come wagging his tail. They all do. Gun's in the car, no rope. Phone cord could work.

Will blinked frantically at Dr. Lecter, tried to focus on the calming sea-blue of his tie, and shook off the fear like just another layer. It clung to him, dug its claws in and refused to budge; it always did. The killer's mindset had already set into his bones. No walls. No forts. No effective barriers. It was worse when he was tired. Will hoped their shared accommodations didn't lead to off the clock therapy sessions with HGTV running in the foreground. He didn't know how to explain: "Well, Dr. Lecter. This hotel makes a fine quiche. Tasty. By the way, I've been having not so tasty thoughts of strangling you with a phone cord." Phone cord. How predictable, and frankly, uninspiring. You'd think he'd come up with something more creative than that with all the left-over inspiration lurking in every corner of his fucked-up brain.

Dr. Lecter picked up on his discomfort immediately. He had a knack for it, just as Will had a knack for the monsters. "Ah, Will. I was just explaining to Crawford that it would be wise for you to take the day off and get some well-deserved rest. Zeller and Price are more than sufficient for handling matters at the morgue." His honey accent dripped with authority, it affected Will more than he let on.

Jack stepped in front of Will, and Dr. Lecter's mouth twitched in not-so-mild displeasure. "And I was telling Dr. Lecter here that it's not up to him, it's up to you."

Lecter intercepted him, raising his voice a notch. "You're overworking him, Jack. It's not good for his mental state. You wanted my opinion and you have it."

Will held a pale hand to his forehead and sighed. He'd seen Jack riled-up (practically every damn day), but he'd never seen Dr. Lecter this close to losing his cool. Their impromptu road trip had done a number on all of them. His nape tingled and his nose twitched at the burnt, match-stick smell of agitated alphas. He didn't want to look at dead bodies any more than he had to. "If you won't take Dr. Lecter's advice into consideration, then why is he here?" said Will, deliberately stepping around Jack and placing himself next to Dr. Lecter. "I know it's not what you want to hear, Jack, but I need a break. I've been up for over twenty-four hours

profiling this killer for you— you have what you need. Just give me a day to get my bearings."

Will dragged his palm down Lecter's shoulder in a soothing gesture, hoping it was enough to convey his thanks. Lecter stood taller and flashed a pointed smile at Jack, not-so-subtle peacocking. The dominant alpha always came out on top, and Will understood his place in the hierarchy more than he'd care to. To their knot-fuelled heads, he was the spoils, a shiny trophy to brag and boast over. It was a constant tug of war over who could assert their dominance and gain his affections. Admittedly, Will's omega side wasn't any better, he'd always gravitated toward alphas in positions of authority. Lecter's thoroughbred blood gave him an overwhelming advantage over the others. Will had the strangest, nagging urge to groom Lecter, reach out and straighten his tie, brush down his suit and fiddle with his hair. The styling product had lost its hold.

"Fine, fine. Get some damn rest and we'll reconvene at the crime scene tomorrow." With his pride effectively wounded, Jack growled in defeat and punched the button to call the elevator. It lit up yellow. That was the end of that.

"Have you sorted out the issue with rooms, Will?" asked Dr. Lecter, noticeably calmer with Will's omega pheromones present. Will's beta cologne had faded throughout the day and he didn't see the point in reapplying it if he was just going to shower and head to bed. It was mandatory for omegas in the workplace to wear scent deadeners, but Will didn't think the hotel would count.

Even Jack seemed to relax.

"Well…" Will worried his lip between his teeth, averted his eyes to the chandelier on the ceiling and watched it sparkle gold. The wall had a pleasant baby blue pattern; gold and blue were designated omegan colors. Lots of lobbies had them. It was meant to calm Omegas after the stress of long trips. Not surprising, those who followed the trend had the most business. "Yes and no," he replied, finally. "They're booked. We're, uh, we have to share… rooms. It was you or Jack and, *sorry Jack,* Jack snores." Will shot Jack an apologetic look, unaware that it resembled more of a grimace. "I'm taking my chances with you, Dr. Lecter." He deliberately left out the part where they'd been mistaken as a mated pair, despite Will's nape being as white as the marble underneath their feet.

Jack grumbled and crossed his arms. "I do not."

"I see," said Dr. Lecter, smile in place. His eyes gave away his exhaustion. Eyes were terrible at keeping secrets. "Don't worry, Will. You can trust me to keep my hands to myself."

Will stifled a yawn, then sputtered, thinking back to the incident in the car. His underwear were still sticky. "I, what— is that supposed to be a joke?"

Dr. Lecter chuckled, giving him a glimpse of his fangs. The sound of it conjured images of melted caramel, and Will mentally cringed at the comparison. "Forgive me, Will. I couldn't help but tease you. I see now why Zeller and Price are so fond of it. You do turn an interesting shade of red."

Wait. *What?*

Will gaped at him, then scrunched up his brows. Was Dr. Lecter *flirting* with him? What the fuck. “Don’t. It wasn’t— it was an accident. Let’s just drop it, please?” He stuttered and snuck a sideways glance at Jack, but the man was more interested in angrily punching a message into his Blackberry. Heat creeping along his cheeks, Will elbowed Lecter in the side and whispered, “Don’t say shit like that. It’s unprofessional. People might get the wrong idea.”

People had already gotten the wrong idea about them. Zeller, Price, the hotel manager, and now the receptionist. That’s four people too many and one finger away from occupying his entire hand. Thankfully, Jack had a surprising naivety in matters concerning Will, and Price and Zeller were nowhere nearby. Otherwise, he’d never hear the fucking end of it, and that was the last thing he needed when his left temple felt like somebody had taken a jackhammer to it. The two were on the opposite side of the lobby, too busy raiding the vending machines and laughing. Probably about him.

“Joking aside,” said Dr. Lecter, interrupting his thoughts. “While it is unfortunate about the rooms— I know how much you cherish having your own space, the thought of having an alpha suddenly invade this circle of security must cause some amount of stress for you. You mentioned in our last session, however, that your sleepwalking episodes have progressed to an almost nightly occurrence. Poor sleep patterns can precipitate these symptoms. Wouldn’t you feel safer if somebody were nearby to make certain you didn’t hurt yourself?”

“Sure,” said Will, looking anywhere but Dr. Lecter. Somebody should really dust those plants. “Guess that means you’re on dog duty tonight.”

“Yes, I suppose.” Lecter pursed his lips and gave Will a long-suffering smile. “If that’s what you’d prefer to call it. I had other definitions in mind.”

Will snorted, then grinned at him. “Too late. It’s official.”

The elevator doors dinged open.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Not beta-read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Here we are,” said Lecter. “Sixth floor.”

“Finally,” Will grumbled, keeping pace beside him. His body had yet to adjust to the steep motion of the elevator, his head was fuzzy, and stretched out before him was the world’s loudest carpet. The hotel couldn’t decide if it was luxury comfort, summer get-away, or an abomination of modern decor. Geometrical shapes littered the floor in no particular order, and Will had to blink to make sure he wasn’t hallucinating. Lecter looked as if he’d stepped in shit the minute the elevator doors flung open.

By the time they reached the end of the hallway, Will's legs were convinced he’d trudged knee-deep through a swamp. “I’m, uh, not sure how much longer I’ll be able to stay awake.”

“The good thing is that you won’t have to.” Lecter motioned to the door of their hotel room with a grand and unnecessary flourish. Even tasked with shouldering their luggage, he still pulled it off. He set his hand on Will’s shoulder, gave it a reassuring squeeze. “I’d advise you to focus on letting yourself rest today. Consider this a well-deserved vacation.”

“Yeah, okay,” Will scoffed, dropping the box of files at his feet with a dull thud. “Can’t wait to get a tour of the dead. 6 o’clock sharp.” He shook off Lecter’s hand and let out an involuntary growl, soft and feline; it lacked its usual bite. “Easy for you to say. It’s not something I can just turn off.”

“No, of course not,” Lecter said. He offered Will an apologetic smile and stepped uncomfortably close, invading his personal space as if he had every right to. And the worst part was that he did, he had every legal right to Will’s body, but Lecter wasn’t— he wasn’t like the other alphas. It might have been deliberate, or a conditioned response to his distress. Will kept his eyes averted.

“But, if you’ll allow me, I think I know of a way to help you reach that deeper state of relaxation you desperately seek. It may even be effective in fending off the night terrors.”

Gentling. He meant gentling.

“If it’s what I think it is. No thank you,” Will replied flatly, taking a generous step backward. He would not allow Lecter to gentle him. It was an innocent enough suggestion, but that would require an intimate level of trust and Will was afraid that if they skimmed past any more professional boundaries, their next session would be too awkward to endure. Still, the

thought sparked a pleasant shiver at the base of his spine; Will did his damn best to ignore it. Just no. Sharing a room, and by extension, a bed (oh, oh christ— he hadn't fucking thought of that until now), was already pushing it.

He added: "You should probably keep your hands to yourself. Open the door, please?"

Lecter laughed in good humor. Will's prickly behavior had not deterred him in the slightest, his patience for it was admirable. "If you do happen to change your mind, Will, do know that the offer still stands."

"I won't, but thank you."

Will didn't want to imagine the rich and earthy warmth of Lecter pressed up behind him in bed, massaging and working his nape until he was sweet and pliant for him, slick and disgustingly omegan, but his mind unhelpfully provided it. And that was the fucking problem, it always did. Will righted his glasses by the bridge and sought to distract himself, his eyes accented with the harsh shadows of sleep-deprivation, cheeks perpetually reddened under Lecter's piercing gaze. A gaze that Will could only describe as being rut-red (red, so, so red like freshly spilled blood), and under just the right lighting his eyes appeared to glow — for any omega, it was akin to staring directly into the merciless Florida sun. His empathy only made it that much worse.

He watched as Lecter approached the door. Off to the side of the number plate was a thin, gold engraving of the symbols for alpha and omega, indicating a honeymoon suite. The numbers reminded Will of hospital signs and invoked a dim, persistent uneasiness that accompanied visiting such places. So did the looming reminder of sharing a bed with Lecter. An unmated alpha, who was also ridiculously attractive in this old-world charm type of way. Prime mating material.

This was bad. Maybe he should have roomed with Jack.

Lecter held his key card to the RFID reader, waited for the "click" of the lock releasing and pushed the door to their room open. "Your ticket to peace and, Jack willing, a full night's worth of sleep."

"I don't think it's Jack I need to worry about," said Will with a self-deprecating laugh. He kicked the cardboard box through the threshold and followed him in.

The room was a predictable shade of soft whites and gentle blues that were just shy of the word nautical and reeked of disinfectant. Will stretched out his arms and rotated his right shoulder, rubbing a hand over the old stab wound. Dr. Lecter prowled the perimeter of the room, inspecting every bit of dust and stain. Alphas were particular, as particular as they claimed omegas were, if not worse, and scenting the area, especially the exits, was a way for them to build their own sense of security. Will's unmasked pheromones probably exacerbated the behavior, feeding Lecter's innate need for control and the alphan urge to protect. Lecter dragged his hand down the side of the curtains and rounded back over to the doorway as Will nudged the box with his foot out of sight and under the desk. Out of sight and out of mind.

Will left him to it, pulled open the closet and assessed the quality of the nesting blankets. They were… adequate. More muted blues and whites, the hotel was even kind enough to throw in a weighted blanket. A meager fifteen pounds, but better than nothing. Will had trouble sleeping without one, had enough trouble sleeping with one. The need seemed to grow worse as his age continued to climb without the necessary but loathsome companionship of a mate, and he likely wouldn't have survived his last heat without one. It helped mimic the warmth and weight of an alpha.

"So," Will began, carrying the bundle of blankets to the bed. "What's your verdict?" The first task on his agenda was to build a suitable nest and mark it off-limits to any territorial threats. That included Dr. Lecter.

Lecter raised his nose and wrinkled it in distaste. "There is the stale odor of week-old vomit in the left-hand corner near the window. I would take care to avoid that area."

"Noted." Will unraveled his blankets and sniffed at the air curiously, but couldn't detect anything other than Lecter's pheromones and bleach. His nose twitched in irritation. "That's some nose. Something with an umbrella?"

"Cocktails," Dr. Lecter agreed.

Wonder what else he can smell?

Get myself nice and slick, watch him drool for it.

"Figures." Will laughed, despite himself. Speaking of alcohol, he could use a finger or two of whiskey right about now, something to drown out the damned thoughts. "Well. Sorry it isn't the Four Seasons or whatever it is you're probably used to. Government sanctioned trip and all— be happy it isn't the Budget Inn down the road. If that were the case, that nose of yours had better be good enough to sniff out bed bugs."

"No bed bugs here."

"That's a relief," said Will, yawning.

He stood back and admired his work, feeling a sudden flare of pride (like a damn pup showing off their first nest). It had taken a few tries to get it, shaking out the bedding and getting the creases just right to appease his finicky omega side. A narrow barrier of blankets blocked off his section of the bed from Lecter's while the rest laid spread out in a cozy, snug pile. Normally, he'd toss everything on the bed and roll around until it resembled a tangled heap, but he'd taken extra care this time; he wanted to impress Lecter, show him he was as capable as any omega. Just as Lecter fell to his instincts, Will wasn't immune to his.

Will shed his jacket, tossed it blindly to the side and untucked his shirt from his jeans. Then, looked at their belongings side by side on the luggage rack and went rigid.

He didn't bring anything to sleep in. Nothing deemed appropriate enough to wear without sending the wrong signals.

He'd like to see that. You'd love to see that, wouldn't you, Dr. Lecter? Any old cord will do. Just wrap it around, watch it tighten, and pull, pull, pull.

"Will?" Lecter's voice held a touch of concern. Over the din of Will's internal dilemma, it barely registered. "Is there something wrong?"

Yes. He wanted them to stop, wanted the thoughts to stop, but knew they wouldn't. And no amount of sleep would help. Not really.

"No," Will replied distractedly, a blank and distant look on his face. He either slept naked or in his underwear and today he'd— goddammit, today of all days he'd chosen to wear his panties in the off-chance he required emergency sanitary pads. He hadn't exactly packed under the assumption he'd be rooming with anyone. "Are you— you know," Will's voice cracked with equal parts fear and embarrassment and he stopped to clear his throat, gesturing vaguely at the empty side of the bed. "I don't really have the energy. Think I'm just gonna sleep and worry about, um, showering later. What about you?"

"Please don't worry about me, Will. I had planned to sleep on the sofa—"

"No," Will blurted, a little too enthusiastically. That would be an insult to both of them. He didn't waste time nit-picking and building a perfect nest for Lecter to just sleep on the damn chair. "Uh, no. That's, that's probably not very comfortable. We can share. It's no big deal." He laughed nervously, kicked off his shoes and reluctantly climbed into the bed. "Just stick to your side."

"If you're sure." Lecter made his way over to his bag, drawing out his tablet. Will's heart leapt, only to plummet when Lecter continued with: "But I think I'll stay up a bit longer. I have some business to take care of. The woes of being your own secretary."

Will rolled onto his side, pulled the weighted blanket up and over his shoulders and sighed. "Whatever. Don't make too much noise."

"I promise not to. Get some sleep, Will," said Lecter gently. He drew the curtains shut and darkness pressed in around them; cool and heavy; a stress-relieving balm. Omegas were natural cave-dwellers.

"I'll try. No promises."

"I won't be very long. Sleep well."

With that, Dr. Lecter left the room, shutting the door behind him with a soft click.

The AC kicked on with a loud, mechanical rattle and Will's muscles melted with relief; he hadn't realized how tense he was. Silence was sometimes louder than screams. White noise helped carve them out, whittled them down to something tolerable. Will was grateful Dr.Lecter had the forethought to give him a brief, blissful moment of privacy to settle in. He waited for Lecter's footsteps to recede down the hall, well and out of earshot, before he flipped onto his back and emitted a deep, drawn-out purr. One that'd been stuck in his chest since he'd woken up in the car with his head on his shoulder, since Dr. Lecter

stepped in and defended him in front of Jack and won. It didn't help that Lecter had practically doused the room in his pheromones, creating a protective, bourbon-pine scented bubble around Will that screamed ownership. Every alpha in their vicinity would know to steer clear. Nobody in their right mind would start a pissing contest with a thoroughbred. Will rolled around his nest languidly, rubbing his sweet-gardenia scent into the bedding as his purr built higher. Dr. Lecter wanted to help him, wanted to keep him safe. Not many alphas did.

Absentmindedly, Will popped the button of his jeans free and tugged at his zipper. He slipped a hand past the front, played with his half-hard cock, then trailed lower, teasing his fingers up and down his slit. He let his mind wander: the way Alana's dress had hugged her breasts when she greeted him after class (it didn't matter that they were both omegas), porn he'd watched the previous night, then finally, Dr. Lecter. Will picked up his pace, his hole getting slicker. The way he smelled, god. Will whined through his teeth and, jesus christ, he had to resist slotting Lecter's pillow between his legs. He focused instead on the thrill of getting caught, of Lecter coming back to find the room heavy with slick and Will pleasuring himself, ass propped up in an invitation. Dr. Lecter wouldn't dream of turning down his slick, willing hole. He'd help himself to Will's body, fuck him hard, shove his knot so deep Will would never question who he belonged to. Never forget what he was. A submissive little omega bitch whose only purpose was to breed. Dr. Lecter's bitch.

"H— aghh… *Dr. Lecter* …" He moaned and threw his head back against the pillow, thighs tensing. Please, please, please.

Be a good boy and give mommy a pup.

No. no. He'd smell it. Dr. Lecter would smell it— a disgusting part of Will wanted him to. This was so fucked up, he knew it was, but he couldn't stop. He didn't know where *their* thoughts began and his ended.

Just as Will pushed his panties aside, began fucking his fingers inside his slick and needy hole, a door slammed in the distance. The bedsprings squeaked from the force of Will withdrawing his hand. He exhaled sharply, heart thudding loudly in his ears.

The AC gave a low, electric hum and switched off. Voices drifted down the hall. Unintelligible.

Will wiped his fingers on his jeans and curled onto his side, reeking of unspent desire. He never finished himself off. Shame, sick and agonizing, bore a tremendous hole into his stomach. Screams echoed around him, death permanently seared on the back of his eyelids. Will stared at the door for a long, long time, watched the light seep through the cracks, and pretended Lecter had him around the nape, gentle hand threading through his curls. The hole at his center filled with the dull, bittersweet ache of longing.

Eventually, exhaustion won.

* * *

You made me do this.

Will blinked away the tears and shoveled the dirt.

I didn't want to do it.

Dr. Lecter's lifeless eyes stared up at him, until they didn't. Now they were dirt.

It's not my fault.

"No. It's not your fault." Garret Jacob Hobbs took up his own shovel and joined him.

I know what I have to do. Do you?

Will knew what he had to do.

Chapter End Notes

I didn't spend much time editing this one, so I hope it's acceptable???
Bed sharing starts in the next chapter ;)

End Notes

Shrug Not much happens, but it gets darker from here.
I needed a break from my other WIP and writer's block has been horrible, so...
I'm trying my best. :'(

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!